THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, February 27, 1792.

On Self-love and the favourite Passions of Men.

By the late JONATHAN RICHARDSON, *junior, Esq.*

EVERY one has a certain favourite passion, which is properly and always his own, the great boy's hobby-horse for life! like Sir W. Bateman's country-house at ——, that when making his will, he had given away all the other articles, and his lawyer told him he had forgot, he answered with warmth,

> " Not that, I cannot part with that, and died."
>
> POPE.

IT was a pleasant mummery of a devout lady, in the civil wars of Castile, against the Emperor Charles V. in the beginning of his reign, as Brantome tells it. " Donna Maria de Padilla, one of the most noble and virtuous ladies in Spain, and of the most zealous in the rebellion, to which she also instigated her noble husband, being at the end of her great wealth in this enterprize, and not having wherewith to keep the soldiers from deserting, took all the gold and silver of the relics of the great church of Toledo; but it was with a holy and devout ceremony, and which favoured nothing of profaneness. Entering the church on her knees, with her hands joined, and covered with a black veil; with a sad and whining accent, beating her breast, and sighing piteously and weeping, with two great flambeaus carried slowly before her; and when she had decently pillaged the shrine, and ancient sacred repository, returned with the

the ſame ſolemn proceſſion and ceremony."—*Brantome Vie d' Ant. de Ceva.*—What ſaint would not have been bit with this devout ſacrilege? or could have been upon his guard, and imagined all this apparatus (in his own way) was to pick his pocket and plunder him!

THIS is a perſon of great quality and ſenſe, who braves heaven and earth, while her fond ſuperſtition ridiculouſly thinks to reconcile them with her private intereſt and paſſions; but a poor curate, on the ſame occaſion, ſhewed what human nature is, without deſigning it. "He had taken it into his head to eſpouſe this cauſe to that degree, that he never failed on the Sunday to recommend to his pariſhioners, from his pulpit, a *Pater-noſter* and an *Ave-Maria* for Don John de Padilla, and his noble wife, and another of each for the holy ſedition and revolt; 'till after ſome weeks, fortune would have it that the troops of Padilla, paſſing through his village, eat up all his whole family of poultry, with all his proviſion of bacon; and, worſt of all! carried off his favourite houſe-keeper. The Sunday after he made his complaint from the pulpit, and related at length all the damage his old friends had done him, and, above all, that they had inveigled away poor Catherine, whom he named without ceremony, giving to the Devil, and deſiring his pariſhioners to do ſo too, all theſe ſeditious rebels againſt their lawful Sovereign, whom God himſelf had put over them." *Brantome* and *Guevara's Golden Epiſtles*, *L.* I. p. 173.

AT the time that Hannibal was in the height of his ſucceſs and conqueſts in Italy, an expreſs came to him from Carthage, that the lot had fallen on his only ſon to be ſacrificed to Moloch: His wife, Himilcé, had ſent it, with the conſent of the ſenate, that ſhe had flown to, with her face torn, and diſtracted with her fright, and threatened them if they put it in execution. They were divided between the fear of ſo horrid a god, and of Hannibal, [—— *Expenſâ ſuperorum & Cæſaris irâ.*—— *Lucan* III. 439.] and determined to wait his anſwer; who immediately inſiſted on his not being offered, but ſaved for the ſervice of his country, and promiſed to make Moloch ample amends, with more and more blood of the Romans." *Sil. Ital.* IV. 765. Probably neither Hannibal nor Himilcé had ever reflected on the horrible enormity of this cuſtom, till it came to be their own caſe, though it was ſo frequent, that doubtleſs there were none in the ſenate that had not ſeen their own, or family's children, thus burnt, in thoſe numerous an-

nual

nual offerings, in which all alike took their chance. But ſelf-love, as it is inflexible itſelf, ſo, if it is once put upon its mettle, it makes every thing elſe ſupple and bend to it, always finding out ſome little plauſible reaſon or other, that, in ſome ſort, ſatisfies, or at leaſt ſtuns, the clamours of conſcience.

The Hiſtory of the Life of Baron Trenck. In which is introduced a particular Account of the extraordinary Sufferings which he underwent by Command of the late King of Pruſſia.

[Extracted from his own Narrative.]

(Continued from Page 181.*)*

I Came to the Neiſs, which was a little frozen, entered it with my friend, and carried him as long as I could wade, and when I could not feel the bottom, which did not continue for more than a ſpace of eighteen feet, he clung round me, and thus we got ſafely to the other ſhore.

The reader will eaſily ſuppoſe ſwimming in the midſt of December, and remaining afterward eighteen hours in the open air, was a ſevere hardſhip. About ſeven o'clock the hoar fog was ſucceeded by froſt and moon-light. The carrying of my friend kept me warm it is true, but I began to be tired, while he ſuffered every thing that froſt, the pain of a diſlocated foot, which I in vain endeavoured to reſet, and the danger of death from a thouſand hands, could inflict.

We were ſomewhat more tranquil however having reached the oppoſite ſhore of the Neiſs, ſince nobody would purſue us on the road to Sileſia. I followed the courſe of the river for half an hour, and having once paſſed the firſt villages that formed the line of deſertion, with which Schell was perfectly acquainted, we in a lucky moment found a fiſherman's boat moored to the ſhore: Into this we leaped, croſſed the river again, and ſoon gained the mountains.

Here being come, we ſat ourſelves down awhile on the ſnow; hope revived in our hearts, and we held council concerning how it was beſt to act. I cut a ſtick to aſſiſt Schell in hopping forward, as well as he could, when I was tired of carrying him; and thus we continued our route, the difficulties of which were increaſed by the mountain ſnows.

Thus passed the night, during which, up to the middle in snow, we made but little way. There were no paths to be traced in the mountains, and they were in many places impassable. Day at length appeared: We thought ourselves near the frontiers, which are twenty English miles from Glatz, when we suddenly, to our great terror, heard the city clock strike.

Overwhelmed, as we were, by hunger, cold, fatigue, and pain, it was impossible we should hold out through the day. After some consideration, and another half hour's labour, we came to a village, at the foot of the mountain, on the side of which, about three hundred paces from us, we perceived two separate houses, which inspired us with a stratagem that was successful.

We lost our hats, in leaping the ramparts; but Schell had preserved his scarf and gorget, which would give him authority among the peasants.

I then cut my finger, rubbed the blood over my face, my shirt, and my coat, and bound up my head, to give myself the appearance of a man dangerously wounded.

In this condition I carried Schell to the end of the wood not far from these houses; here he tied my hands behind my back, but so that I could easily disengage them in case of need; and hobbled after me, by aid of his staff, calling for help.

Two old peasants appeared, and Schell commanded them to run to the village, and tell a magistrate to come immediately with a cart. "I have seized this knave," added he, "who has killed my horse, and in the struggle I have put out my ancle; however I have wounded and bound him; fly quickly, bring a cart, lest he should die before he is hanged."

As for me, I suffered myself to be led, as if half dead, into the house. A peasant was dispatched to the village. An old woman and a pretty girl seemed to take great pity on me, and gave me some bread and milk: But how great was our astonishment when the aged peasant called Schell by his name, and told him he well knew we were deserters, having the night before been at a neighbouring alehouse, where the officer in pursuit of us came, named and described us, and related the whole history of our flight. The peasant knew Schell, because his son served in his company, and had often spoken of him when he was quartered at Habelschwert.

Presence of mind and resolution were all that were now left. I instantly ran to the stable, while Schell detained the peasant in the chamber. He however was a worthy man, and directed him the road toward Bohemia. We were still but about some

seven

ſeven miles from Glatz, having loſt ourſelves among the mountains, where we had wandered many miles. The daughter followed me: I found three horſes in the ſtable, but no bridles. I conjured her, in the moſt paſſionate manner, to aſſiſt me: She was affected, ſeemed half willing to follow me, and gave me two bridles. I led the horſes to the door, called Schell, and helped him, with his lame leg, on horſeback. The old peaſant then began to weep, and beg I would not take his horſes; but he luckily wanted courage, and perhaps the will to impede us; for with nothing more than a dung-fork, in our then feeble condition, he might have ſtopped us long enough to have called in aſſiſtance from the village.

And now behold us on horſeback, without hats or ſaddles; Schell with his uniform ſcarf and gorget, and I in my red regimental coat. Still were we in danger of ſeeing all our hopes vaniſh, for my horſe would not ſtir from the ſtable: However, at laſt, good horſeman like, I made him move: Schell led the way, and we had ſcarcely gone a hundred paces before we perceived the peaſants coming in crowds from the village.

As kind fortune would have it, the people were all at church, it being a feſtival: The peaſants Schell had ſent were obliged to call aid out of church. It was but nine in the morning; and had the peaſants been at home, we had been loſt paſt redemption.

We were obliged to take the road to Wunſhelburg, and paſs through the town where Schell had been quartered a month before, and in which he was known by every body. Our dreſs, without hats or ſaddles, ſufficiently proclaimed we were deſerters: Our horſes however continued to go tolerably well, and we had the good luck to get through the town, although there was a garriſon of one hundred and eighty infantry, and twelve horſe, purpoſely to arreſt deſerters. Schell knew the road to Brummem, where we arrived at eleven o'clock, after having met, as I before mentioned, Captain Zerbſt.

Never did I, during life, feel pleaſure more exquiſite than at this moment. My friend for me had riſked a ſhameful death, and now, after having carried him at leaſt twelve hours on my ſhoulders, I had ſaved both him and myſelf. We certainly ſhould not have ſuffered any man to bring us, alive, back again to Glatz. Yet this was but the firſt act of the tragedy of which I was doomed the hero, and the mournful incidents of which all aroſe out of, and depended on, each other.

Could

Could I have read the book of fate, and have ſeen the forty years fearful afflictions that were to follow, I certainly ſhould not have rejoiced at this my eſcape from Glatz.

Thus in freedom at Braunau, on the Bohemian frontiers, I ſent the two horſes, with the corporal's ſword, back to General Fouquet, at Glatz. The letter accompanying them was ſo pleaſing to him that all the centinels, before my priſon door, as well as the guard under arms, and all thoſe we paſſed, were obliged to run the gauntlet, although, the very day before, he had himſelf declared my eſcape was now rendered impoſſible. He however was deceived; and thus do the mean revenge themſelves on the miſerable, and the tyrant on the innocent.

I wrote to the King, and ſent him a true ſtate of my caſe; ſent indubitable proofs of my innocence, and ſupplicated juſtice, but received no anſwer.

In this the monarch may be juſtified, at leaſt in my apprehenſion. A wicked man had maliciouſly and falſely accuſed me; Colonel Jaſchinſky had made him ſuſpect me for a traitor, and it was impoſſible he ſhould read my heart. The firſt act of injuſtice had been haſtily committed; I had been condemned unheard, unjudged, and the injuſtice that had been done me was known too late; Frederic the Great found he was not infallible. Pardon I would not aſk, for I had committed no offence; and the King would not probably own, by a reverſe of conduct, he had been guilty of injuſtice. My reſolution increaſed his obſtinacy; but, in the diſcuſſion of the cauſe, our power was very unequal.

The monarch once really loved me; he meant my puniſhment ſhould only be temporary, and as a trial of my fidelity. That I had been condemned to no more than a year's impriſonment had never been told me, and was a fact I did not learn till long after.

Major Doo, who as I have ſaid was the creature of Fouquet, a mean and covetous man, knowing I had money, had always acted the part of a protector, as he pretended to me, and continually told me I was condemned for life. He perpetually turned the converſation on the great credit of his General with the King, and his own great credit with the General. For the preſent of a horſe, on which I rode to Glatz, he gave me the freedom of walking about the fortreſs; and for another, worth a hundred ducats, I reſcued Enſign Reitz from death, who had been betrayed when endeavouring to effect our eſcape. I have been aſſured that, on that very day on which I ſnatched his ſword from his ſide, deſperately paſſed through the garriſon,

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and leaped the walls of the rampart, he was expreſsly come to tell me, after ſome prefatory threats, that by his General's interceſſion, my puniſhment was only to be a year's impriſonment, and that conſequently I ſhould be releaſed in a few days.

How vile were means like theſe, to wreſt money from the unfortunate! The King, after this my mad flight, certainly, was never informed of the Major's baſe cunning; he could only be told that, rather than wait a few days, I had choſen, in this deſperate manner, to make my eſcape, and go over to the enemy.

Thus deceived and ſtrengthened in his ſuſpicion, muſt he not imagine my deſire to forſake my country, and deſert to the enemy, was unbounded? How could he do otherwiſe than impriſon a ſubject, who thus endeavoured to injure him, and aid his foes? Thus, by the calumnies of wicked men, did my cruel deſtiny daily become more ſevere; and at length render the deceived monarch irreconcileable and cruel.

Yet how could it be ſuppoſed that I would not willingly have remained three weeks longer in priſon, to have been honourably reſtored to liberty; to have prevented the confiſcation of my eſtate; and to have once more returned to my loved miſtreſs at Berlin?

And now was I, in Bohemia, a fugitive ſtranger, without money, protector, or friend, and only twenty years of age.

(To be continued.)

Directions for preſerving Threſhed Wheat from Weevils and other Inſects, while lodged in Granaries.

By Mr. JOHN WAGSTAFF, *of Norwich.*

THE preſervation of grain from the ravages of inſects, is an object of no inconſiderable conſequence to the farmer, and corn-merchant.

It may, I believe, be beſt effected by timely and frequent ſcreening, and ventilation; as little or no inconvenience will follow corn or malt lodged dry, but what evidently reſults from a neglect of theſe precautions. For, whether the obvious damage ariſe from the weevil, the moth, or the beetle, that damage has ceaſed at the time the vermin make their appearance under either of theſe ſpecies, they being, when in this laſt ſtate of exiſtence, only propagators of their reſpective kinds of vermiculi;

vermiculi; which, while they continue in that form, do the mischief.

In this last, or insect state, they eat little, their principal business being to deposit their ova, (eggs) which unerring instinct prompts them to do where large collections of grain furnish food for their successors while in a vermicular state. It is therefore the business of industry to prevent future generations of these ravagers, by destroying the eggs previous to their hatching; and this is best accomplished by frequent screening, and exposure to draughts of wind or fresh air. By frequently stirring the grain, the cohesion of their ova is broken, and the nidus of those minute worms is destroyed, which on hatching collect together, and spin or weave numerous nests of a cob-web-like substance for their security. To these nests they attach, by an infinity of small threads, many grains of corn together, first for their protection, and then for their food. When their habitations are broken and separated by the screen, they fall through its small interstices, and may be easily removed from the granary with the dust. Those that escape an early screening will be destroyed by subsequent ones, while the grain is but little injured; and the corn will acquire thereby a superior purity. But by inattention to this, and sometimes by receiving grain already infected into the granary, these vermin, particularly the weevil, will in a short time spread themselves in that state every where upon its surface, and darken even the walls by their number. Under such circumstances a hen or hens, with new hatched chicken, if turned on the heap, will traverse, without feeding (or very sparingly so) on the corn, wherever they spread; and are seemingly insatiable in the pursuit of these insects. When the numbers are reduced within reach, a hen will fly up against the walls, and brush them down with her wings, while her chicken seize them with the greatest avidity.

This being repeated as often as they want food, the whole species will in a day or two be destroyed. Of the phalæna, (moth) and the small beetle, they seem equally voracious; on which account, I cannot but deem them the most useful instruments in nature, for eradicating those noxious and destructive vermin. By this method I have cleared two of my own granaries which were very much infested by the weevils, very effectually.

INTERESTING

INTERESTING TRIALS.

COURT OF KING's-BENCH.

MONDAY, February 13.

THE KING *versus* DR. WOLCOT.

MR. ERSKINE, on the part of the defendant, moved the Court to enlarge a rule which had been procured on Friday laſt by the Earl of Lonſdale againſt Dr. Wolcot, for a ſuppoſed libel, in a publication, the title of which was, "A Commiſerating Epiſtle to Lord Lonſdale, by Peter Pindar."

Mr. Mingay on the part of the Noble Earl ſubmitted, there was not the leaſt colour or pretence for enlarging the rule, in as much as Dr. Wolcot had made affidavit that he was the author of that Epiſtle, that Mr. Evans, bookſeller, ſold it by his direction, and begged that he might be made defendant inſtead of Mr. Evans.

Mr. Erſkine ſaid, Dr. Wolcot then attended in Court, and was ready to make affidavit of theſe facts: That ſeveral paragraphs of a long publication of his were charged to be libellous; that he had a right to bring the whole context before the Court, in order to explain the meaning of thoſe parts complained againſt; that he could not do that ſince the time the rule was obtained, and therefore he hoped the Court would enlarge the rule to the firſt day of next term.

Mr. Mingay ſaid, he had ſelected two or three paragraphs which were a ſevere attack, not only on the preſent Lord Lonſdale, but upon all his anceſtors and the whole family of Lowther from all time being.

Lord Kenyon ſaid, it was impoſſible for the Court to know what the defendant might ſhow againſt the next term. He might poſſibly ſtate that he was inſane at the time he wrote it; and therefore he thought it muſt be enlarged.

Mr. Juſtice Groſe alſo thought it would be very fit that the rule ſhould be enlarged to the next term.

THE KING *versus* STUART.

Humourous Speech of Mr. Erſkine on the ſubject of Dr. Wolcot's Attack on the Earl of Lonſdale under the name of Peter Pindar.

MR. ERSKINE on behalf of the defendant ſhowed cauſe againſt the rule which had been obtained by Lord Lonſdale

 againſt

against Mr. Stuart, for a paragraph that appeared in the Oracle, and which his Lordship conceived reflected on his character.

The learned Counsel said, if he did not deceive himself most grossly, the Noble Earl who had instructed his learned friend to be so impatient that day to bring Dr. Wolcot and Mr. Stuart to trial, would have reason to repent of that impatience. Their Lordships were asked to bring these gentlemen to trial, contrary to every precedent that had existed from all time being in this country. Whatever difficulties to any person might attend the granting of informations by that Court, which deprived the subject of the finding of a grand jury, every man who was acquainted with the constitution of this country must feel that great and important benefits were derived from it. And if any one thing was more honourable to the Judges of England than another, it was the care they had taken of the subject's liberty, and the moderation with which they had always used that prerogative. He said, he spoke it with pride in the Court of King's Bench, and it was highly to the honour of the Judges, and of the profession, that the Legislature had given no rules to that Court on the subject, when they said a criminal information might be filed by leave of the Court. And therefore all the rules respecting informations were laid down by the Court itself, such as that all prosecutors must come into Court with clean hands, and to observe all the other rules which had been presented by the Court, but which seemed to be totally forgotten by Lord Lonsdale's Counsel. That Court, in order to secure the liberty of the subject, and without any mandate from the Legislature, had imposed these wholesome rules on itself.

Lord Lonsdale in Dr. Wolcot's publication was presented as flying like an immense kite in the air, and all the other creation below him like so many rabbits and mice. His learned friend, by the impatience which he had discovered, sought to break through all those regulations which the Court had adopted for the liberty of the subject. He said he should read the paragraph which was supposed to contain a libel on the Noble Prosecutor; and he disclaimed, in the name of his client, as well as in his own name, every idea of holding the Noble Earl up to ridicule, or of insulting him. The paragraph was never intended to slander him; and if it was, that Noble Person had not made affidavit of it himself, nor could he bring up Mr. Garforth to swear that it was intended to abuse him.

The paragraph was in these words:—

" The painters are still very much perplexed about the likeness of the Devil. To obviate this difficulty concerning his

infernal

infernal Majesty, the humourous Peter Pindar has recommended to his friend Opie, the countenance of Lord Lonsdale."

If this paragraph had compared the different qualities of the Noble Earl with those of the Devil, like a divine contrasting the characteristics of the infernal spirit, and setting his attributes before the public as opposite to the attributes of God; then might Lord Lonsdale have said, that it was a gross, a foul, and an infamous slander. It had been often observed, that all mankind, in consequence of original sin, were but too like the Devil, except as to his good looks. The Devil was a spirit, and no painter could draw his likeness but from his own imagination, from the poets, or from the ideas of old women in modern times, who had painted him with horns; and Lord Lonsdale had not pretended to say that the paragraph meant to ridicule him as a cuckold.

The Lord Chief Justice here observed, that the tongue of malevolence had never lifted itself up against that Noble Person on that head.

Mr. Erskine said, no man could be guilty of so foul a slander on the subject of one of the most amiable of women.

He then took it for granted that this was not the old woman's Devil, nor a printer's Devil, but it was the Devil himself. He contended that this paragraph, instead of being a libel on the Noble Earl, was a libel on the Devil; and nothing prevented the infernal spirit from coming into Court to move for an information, but the *want of those clean hands*, which he had formerly described, and which were indispensably necessary to every being who appeared in a Court of Justice.

He said he had always thought that the Noble Earl had a most striking countenance; that he was a person of very dignified appearance, much beyond the common race of men, and highly characteristic of his noble birth; but still he fell far short of that which he conceived to be a true personification of the Devil: Said Mr. Erskine, "I do hereby promise to pay Mr. Opie the sum of one hundred guineas, if he will paint me so as to be esteemed a good likeness of the Devil, and at the same time preserve my features so that I shall be known to posterity."

Devils of the common rank were conceived by Milton to have the figure and stature of Gods, and yet these were but common soldiers—But how did the great English Poet describe the Arch-apostate himself?

" * * * * * * * He above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,

 Stood

Stood like a tower; his form had not yet loſt
All his original brightneſs, nor appear'd
Leſs then Archangel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
Of glory obſcur'd; as when the ſun, new riſen,
Looks through the horizontal miſty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon
In dim eclipſe diſaſtrous twilight ſheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes Monarchs."

The learned Counſel obſerved, that the laſt lines were peculiarly applicable to Lord Lonſdale.

" * * * * * Darken'd, ſo yet ſhone
Above them all the Archangel; but his face
Deep ſcars of thunder had intrench'd; and care
Sat on his faded cheek; but under brows
Of dauntleſs courage and conſiderate pride,
Waiting revenge."

Mr. Erſkine ſaid, even when the Devil was put in maſquerade, and appeared in his domino, he was above Lord Lonſdale.

" * * * * * * * And towards Eve
Addreſs'd his way; not with indented wave
Prone on the ground, as ſince, but on his rear,
Circular baſe of riſing folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold, a ſurging maze! his head
Creſted aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burniſh'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidſt his circling ſpires, that on the graſs
Floated redundant, pleaſing was his ſhape
And lovely."

At the time this paragraph was written, Opie had been painting a likeneſs of the Devil from Milton, but was greatly at a loſs;—and who would not be at a loſs in the execution of ſo great an undertaking! Mr. Stuart happened to ſee Lord Lonſdale; and the darkneſs and ſenſibility of that Noble Earl's countenance, made a deep impreſſion on his mind, and led him to write the paragraph.

He did not expect that Lord Lonſdale was to ſwear that he was not the Devil, nor any thing like it; but he did expect that he would have made affidavit that he believed this

paragraph

paragraph was intended to hold him up to abhorrence, ridicule, and contempt.

He trusted the Court would think there was no ground for making the rule absolute.

Mr. Mingay was about to proceed in support of his rule, when he was told by

Lord Kenyon, that it was unnecessary for him to give himself any trouble. His Lordship observed, that he thought the rules laid down by the Court, respecting criminal informations, were founded in great wisdom, and that they should ever be the rules of his conduct.

No brilliancy of imagination, no force of argument, could prevent the Court from seeing what all the world saw. Those things that came home to the breast of every man, must come home to the breasts of Judges, and they must protect the characters of all men, as well of men of no rank as of the highest in the kingdom.

The Noble Plaintiff was supposed, by the paragraph in question, and on which the learned Counsel had exerted his great talents, instead of possessing those virtues which ought to adorn every man, to be devoid of every quality which ought to render him fit to mix in society, for in short it supposed that he had all the qualities of the Devil.

Whether the author of the paragraph was guilty or not, whether he would be able to defend himself at the trial or not, that day would decide. But his Lordship was of opinion, that the Court would be wanting in their duty to an individual who complained in his nearest and dearest concerns, as well as to the public, if they were not to send this case to be discussed before a Jury, which was the only true constitutional tribunal of the country.

Mr. Justice Grose was of the same opinion; Mr. Justice Buller sat in the Court of Chancery; and Mr. Justice Ashhurst had not come into Court.—Rule absolute.

Mr. Mingay moved, that the rules which had been obtained against the publishers (in both cases) might be enlarged to the next term. He said he did not make that application to the Court, in order to procure their evidence to convict the authors, but only that he might have recourse against them, if the authors did not choose to appear.—Granted.

A JUST REMARK.

OLD, Dennison, or Dennison the Rich, being asked how he had amassed together such prodigious wealth, dryly observed,

ſerved, "The bulk of a man's fortune is acquired with no great difficulty; but it is with great care and circumſpection that the firſt 50l. is acquired.

The Intereſting Hiſtory of the Count de Bellegarde; with a Deſcription of the Sublime and Pictureſque Scenery in the Pyrenean Mountains.

[From Celeſtina, a Novel, by Mrs. Charlotte Smith]

WILLOUGHBY journeyed from Lyons to Avignon; and then proceeded along the coaſt, by Bezieres and Mirepoix, into Rouſſillon: Intereſted by the grandeur and beauty of theſe remains of Roman antiquity which he ſaw in his way; ſtill more charmed by the ſublime views, which, in this romantic line of country, every where offered themſelves to his ſight; and hearing, and but hearing, at a diſtance, the tumults, with which a noble ſtruggle for freedom at this time (the ſummer of 1789) agitated the capital, and many of the great towns of France, till, among the wild and ſtupendous ſcenes which he at length reached, even this faint murmur died away.

In one of the cottages ſcattered at the foot of Montlouis, he found a young mountaineer, acquainted with all the paſſes of the Pyrenees: He was there only a few days, on his way back from Perpignan to his home, in the Vallée de Douron; and on Willoughby propoſing it to him, he moſt willingly undertook to be his guide through the mountains.

Willoughby had left his horſes at Perpignan, and his preſent equipage conſiſted only of Farnham, carrying a light portmanteau, and a ſort of havreſac for proviſions, which he took himſelf, ſtrapped over his ſhoulders.

On the morning of his departure from the foot of Montlouis, he travelled towards the ſouth-eaſt, always aſcending, and was ſoon in the very heart of the Pyrenees. In ſcenes which had hardly ever been traverſed but by the ſhepherds and goat-herds, and where no veſtiges of men were ſeen, but here and there a ſolitary cabin, ſerving them for ſhelter, during a few weeks of ſummer, built of the rough branches of pine or cheſnut, covered with turf, and lined with moſs—in theſe huts, which were now ſome of them inhabited, Willoughby found a wild, but ſimple and benevolent people; always ready to ſupply him with ſuch food as their flocks, among thoſe deſert regions, afforded

afforded to themſelves; and in one of them, on a temporary bed, made of the ſkins of their ſheep, whom accident had deſtroyed, after a deep ſigh, which was drawn from him by the memory of Celeſtina, and with which every day concluded, he obtained a few hours of refreſhing ſleep, and with the dawn of the next day purſued his journey toward the ſummit of the mountain.

Amid theſe paths that wound among the almoſt perpendicular points of the cliffs, he often ſat down; ſurveying with awe and admiration the ſtupendous works of the Divine Architect, before whoſe ſimpleſt creation, the laboured productions of the moſt intelligent of his creatures ſink into inſignificance. Huge maſſes of grey marble, or a dark granite, frowned above his head; whoſe crevices, here and there, afforded a ſcanty ſubſiſtence to lickens and moſs campion; while the deſolate barrenneſs of other parts, added to that threatening aſpect with which they ſeemed to hang over the wandering traveller, and to bid him to fear, leſt even the light ſteps of the Izard (the Chamois of the Pyrenees) or the wild goats, who now and then appeared ſuſpended amid the craggy fiſſures, ſhould diſunite them from the mountain itſelf, and bury him beneath their thundering ruins.

Daſhing down among theſe immenſe piles of ſtone, the cataracts, formed by the melting of the ſnows, and the ice of the glacieres, in the boſom of the mountains, fell roaring into dark and abyſs-like chaſms, whither the eye feared to follow them—yet, frequently, amid the wildeſt horrors of theſe great objects, appeared ſome little green receſs, ſhaded by immenſe pines, cedars, or mountain-aſh; and the ſhort turf beneath them appeared ſpangled with the Soldinella and fringed pink, or bluſhing with the ſcented wreaths of the Daphne Cneorum —while through the cracks and hollows of the ſurrounding wall of rock, were filtered ſmall and clear ſtreams, that crept away among the tufts of juniper, roſemary, and the Rhododendron of the Alps, that clothed the leſs abrupt declivity; where, uninterrupted by intervening crags, the mounting ſhelving gradually to its baſe, opened a boſom more ſmiling and fertile; through which the collected waters, no longer foaming from their fall, found their way toward the Mediterranean ſea; their banks feathered with woods of cork trees, cheſnuts, and evergreen oaks, while the eye, carried beyond them, was loſt in the wide and luxuriant plains of Languedoc.

Never did ſuch a ſpot offer itſelf to the eyes of Willoughby, but the figure of Celeſtina was inſtantly preſent to his imagination

nation—he ſaw her ſitting by him, enjoying the beautiful and romantic ſcenery; he heard her, in thoſe accents which had long ſuch power to enchant him, expatiate on its charms, with all that exquiſite taſte and feeling he knew her poſſeſſed of; and remembering a charming deſcription given by Rouſſeau, in his Julie, of a ſpot of this ſort among the rocks of Meillerie. —"*Il ſembloit que ce lieu déſert, dût être l'aſyle de deux amans; échappés ſeuls au bouleverſement de la nature;*" that is, it ſeemed as if this deſert ſpot was deſigned as an aſylum for two lovers, who had eſcaped the general wreck of nature.

For a moment or two he indulged ſuch a delicious reverie, till the ſudden recollection of the truth cruelly deſtroyed it.—Celeſtina was not, never could be his—never could ſhare with him the ſimple and ſublime delight offered by the ſuperb ſpectacle of nature—"with all her great works about her." Whether he was among the rude mountains that ſhe has raiſed as a barrier, to divide two powerful nations; or gratified with the more mild beauties of his native country, never could ſhe ſhare in his ſatisfaction, or heighten his enjoyment—but her hours and her talents were all deſtined to make the happineſs of Montague Thorold.—At that idea he ſtarted up, and hardly conſcious of the rugged precipices beneath him, renewed his wandering reſearches; and ſought, by activity of body, to chaſe the fearful phantoms of loſt happineſs that haunted his mind.

He had now paſſed three weeks among the Pyrenees; had traverſed ſeveral glaciers, and deſcended on the Spaniſh ſide, and looked over part of Catalonia.—Again he took his way to their ſummits; again croſſed deep vallies of ice, and wandered over regions where winter reigns in all its rigour, though under a ſky of the deepeſt blue, illuminated by the ardent ſun of July; a ſky ſo clear, that not even a fleeting ſummer cloud for a moment, diverſifies its radiance.—One of the talleſt of theſe ſtupendous points is, Le pie du midi de Bagneus, which ſeems to be the ſovereign of the inferior points around it: From its tall head he deſcended to Bagniers; and there meaning to cloſe his reſearches, he reſted ſome days, and then, by another route, returned toward the country of Rouſſillon, from whence he had firſt begun his journey.

But when he arrived there, he had nothing to do but to form ſome ſcheme of farther progreſs; and therefore, pleaſed as he was with the variety and novelty offered him by this long chain of immenſe mountains, he determined to lengthen his ſtay among them.—His guide, who had by this time acquired an

affection

affection for him, delighted to carry him to every place that he thought might offer either novelty or amusement—and he now conversed with the smuggler, who conveyed, at the extremest peril, prohibited articles of commerce between France and Spain; now joined the solitary hunter of the Izard, or smaller Chamois; and now shared the more dangerous toils of those who sought the bear, the wild boar, or the wolf, among the deep woods that clothed the sides of the mountains.

It was in an excursion with an hunter of the Izard, that, Farnham having been left behind at the cabin of a shepherd where Willoughby intended to pass the night, he and Gaston, his guide, were, by an accident, separated; and he found himself alone—on one of the most savage spots of the whole chain—above him arose a point covered by eternal snow; beyond which a glacier spread its desolate and frozen surface for some miles, surrounded every way by sharp and barren rocks: On one side, fed by this magazine of ice and snow, a broad and thundering torrent threw itself; falling, with deafening noise into a rocky cauldron, so far below that the eye could not fathom it.—A dark and apparently inaccessible wood of firs was on the other side, where no tree or plant could find its abode, that was not equally able to endure the severity of those cold winds, that, passing over these immense magazines of ice, carry with them frost and desolation, even into the rich vineyards and luxuriant pastures of Gascony and Languedoc, and there assume the name of the Bize-wind.

Willoughby had lingered so long among these mountains, that it was now the second week of August.—The evenings were, of course, somewhat shortening; and the sun was visible only by reflection from the snowy point above him, when he found himself lost on a place where he knew not his way to any human habitation, or was likely to hear the sound of a human voice.—Little accustomed, however, to fear of any kind, he sat himself down on a piece of broken rock, to consider if, by any of those remarks which Gaston had taught him to make, he could find his way before night-fall to rejoin his servant and his guide, or to find at least some place of shelter.

These observations, however, were impeded by the clouds that seemed to arise from the extensive plains below him, and to gather round the base of the mountains.—These increased every moment, and at length surrounded him like waves; so that he no longer distinguished the objects beneath him, while immense volumes of white vapour were poured like a sea between him and the neighbouring precipices.—He heard louder than

ever, but he no longer ſaw the torrent that threw itſelf down within a few yards of him; and had apprehenſion ever been, under any circumſtances, troubleſome to him, he now might well have feared that, loſt in this chaos of miſt, he ſhould at leaſt remain all night where he was, and perhaps never regain his companions at all.

Life, however, had ſo few charms for him at this moment, that his indifference for it, added to his natural courage, when only himſelf was in queſtion, made him perfectly calm and collected—though the thick clouds of miſt continued to gather and darken round the ſpot where he was now compelled to remain.

For a few moments the ſighing of the wind which bore this floating vapour, the increaſed hollow murmurs of the ruſhing waters of the cataract, were interrupted only by the ſcreaming vulture, and the deep hoarſe raven, who ſeemed by their cries, as they ſailed above the grey abyſs of miſt, to be warning their companions of ſome approaching danger: Thunder was in fact gathered in the boſom of theſe clouds, and Willoughby, as he ſat on his ſolitary rock, heard it muttering at his feet; and after ſome tremendous burſts, which ſeemed to ſhake the mountains to their foundations, accompanied by blue and vivid lightning, a violent wind aroſe, and diſperſing the foggy clouds, drove them, with the ſtorm generated in their boſom, to the country beneath.

(To be continued.)

Curious Extract from a Corniſh Will.

THE following is an extract, taken verbatim from the will of SAMUEL TREVITHUAN, late of the pariſh of Padſtow, in the county of Cornwall and dioceſe of Exeter, carpenter, dated 26th November, 1729; and which will is now remaining in the Regiſtry of the Conſiſtorial Court of the Biſhop of Exeter.

"Item. I do give unto my dear wife or my daughter, or to whoſe hands ſoever he may come, one ſhilling and ſixpence, weekly, for the well meating my old dog, that has been my companion through thick and thin almoſt theſe fifteen years. The firſt time that ever he was obſerved to bark, was when that great eclipſe was ſeen, April the 22d, 1715.—I ſay, I do give one ſhilling and ſixpence a week during his life, for his well meating, fire in the winter, and freſh barley-ſtraw every now

and

and then, to be put in his old lodging in the middle cage in the out-kitchen; to be paid out of my chattle eſtate and forty ſhillings a year that I reſerved to make me a freeman of the county: Deſiring and requiring all people and perſons whomſoever, not to hurt or kill him, that hath been ſo good a ſervant of a dog for ſenſe and tractableneſs to admiration."

The will was proved by the teſtator's daughter and executrix, the 10th of Auguſt, 1732.

An Account of M. de Belſance, Biſhop of Marſeilles.

M. DE BELSANCE has been celebrated by Pope in the following beautiful lines:

> Why drew Marſeilles' good Biſhop purer breath,
> When nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death?

This illuſtrious prelate was of a noble family in Guienne. In early life he took the vows, and belonged to a convent of Jeſuits. He was made Biſhop of Marſeilles in 1709. In the plague of that city, in 1720, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his zeal and activity, being the paſtor, the phyſician, and the magiſtrate of his flock, while that horrid calamity prevailed. Louis XV. in 1723, offered him a more conſiderable Biſhopric (to which peculiar feudal honours were annexed) that of Laon en Picardy. He refuſed, however, to quit that of Marſeilles, giving for a reaſon, that he could not deſert a flock which had been ſo endeared to him by their misfortunes and his own exertions. The King, however, inſiſted upon his accepting of the privilege of appealing, in all his own cauſes, either temporal or ſpiritual, to the Parliament of Paris. He died at a very advanced age, in 1755, after having founded a college in Marſeilles, which bears his name, and after having written the hiſtory of the lives of his predeceſſors in that ſee.

Anſwer, by T. Walker, of Hemyock, to J. Wheeler's Rebus, inſerted January 2.

> TO an *E* add a *pig*, and a *ram* next combine,
> Then an EPIGRAM preſently came to my mind.

‖ We have received the like anſwer from J. Gooding, H. C. Granger, and W. S. of Exon; A. Pinn, of Exmouth; J. K. Coles,

J. K. Coles, near Wells; J. Tucker, Penryn; Eremita, of Weſton Zoyland; Amico Crewkernſienſis; A. Apſey, of Taunton; G. Baſtard, and W. Baker, of Totnes; P. Lyttleton, Tywardreath; T. Gill junior, Stythians; and Primœvus, near Ugborough.

Anſwer, by Billy Treſs, of Bruton, to Sheptonienſis's Enigma, inſerted January 2.

THE almanacks do all declare,
That ninety-two is the LEAP YEAR.

‡†‡ We have received the like anſwer from J. Gooding, H. C. Granger, and W. S. of Exon; Thomas Gill junior, of Stythians; P. Lyttleton, Tywardreath; J. Tucker, Penryn; T. Walker, Hemyock; B. C. Bridgewater; Amico Crewkernſienſis; and alſo William Baker, and Giles Baſtard, of Totnes.

A QUESTION, *by W. Upjohn, of Shafteſbury.*

GIVEN $^2y + y^3x = m = 7664.6241$
$y^3x^2 + x^3y = n = 57867.911955$

Query x and y.

A CHARADE, *by T. Sparkes junior, of Exeter.*

MY firſt is a member belonging to man,
Without which we're helpleſs I'm ſure;
My ſecond's a thing that oft carpenters uſe,
To make their work tight and ſecure:

Now pray, ye bards, that inſtrument explain,
Which in moſt cabinet-makers' ſhops is ſeen.

A REBUS, *by R. Tucker, of Broadwinſor.*

THAT hero firſt you are to name
Whoſe warlike deeds acquired fame;

And

And next, ye bards, you muſt preſage
What oft appears in Goadby's page;
A well-known fruit you'll next declare,
That we I hope ſhall eat this year;
Proctus's daughter next deſcribe,
Who was transformed for her pride;
And laſtly, gents. you muſt deſcry,
The founder of idolatry:
Now find the initials, and you will diſplay,
A bird that welcomes in returning day.

An ENIGMATICAL QUERY.

THOUGH I am of mean extraction, though I had no education, and am ſo ſenſeleſs that I know not what is right or wrong, yet my charms are ſuch that moſt men are captivated by me, and ſome of the fair-ſex doat on me almoſt to diſtraction.

And notwithſtanding my ignorance of what paſſeth in the world, or amongſt its various inhabitants, yet to enumerate the wonders effected by me, and the influence I have in courts, camps, and counſels, in battles, in ſieges, in commerce, in all the concerns of mankind reſpecting temporal things, and too often in religious alſo, would be almoſt endleſs.

Now conſidering the many millions who are influenced or guided by me in moſt of their undertakings, with the things, which are perform'd by me, though I know nothing of it, let thoſe that can tell my name, and why I ſhould be ſo doated on, and careſſed by perſons of moſt perſuaſions as I am?

Beſides the above, I am a mere make-bate, and the cauſe of more miſchiefs, murders, wars, wranglings, and wickedneſs in the world, than can well be deviſed or expreſſed by any man in it; and yet I have been ſuch a friend to thouſands that, had it not been for me, they would have periſhed with hunger, or died in great miſery.

*** *The Inſertion of the well-meant Letter, ſigned A. B. on the Subject of the* Slave Trade, *would expoſe us to much blame, it being written with a great Deal too much Warmth, and conveying a moſt ſevere cenſure on that Branch of the Legiſlature to which it has a Reference.*

POETRY.

ODE *to* CONTENT.

TO thee, the friend of ſocial joy,
  I pour my ardent lay;
Ah, nymph divine! no cares alloy
  Thy ſweetly chearful day.

And when the dewy noon of night
  Her darkſome tint hath ſhed,
As yonder ſleeps the moon's calm light,
  So reſts thy peaceful head.

For thee, the cool, the balmy morn,
  Her purple bluſh diſplays,
For thee the hill, the dale, adorn
  Still evening's gold-drop rays.

For thee, unfolds the muſky roſe,
  Her highly ſcented bloom,
For thee the violets diſcloſe
  Their delicate perfume.

For thee, clear rills ſoft-trickling rove
  Their moſs-grown beds along;
For thee, amid yon ſhadowy grove
  Aſcends the grateful ſong.

For thee, light labour ſpreads his wealth,
  Imparts the roſeate glow,
And bids the crimſon tide of health
  With genial vigour flow.

Oh! let me haunt thy ſtraw-roof'd cot,
  And fold thee in my arms;
Be mine thy wealth, be mine thy lot,
  And mine thy lowly charms.

With

With thee, my Agnes, tender fair!
—How pure the ſcene of life,
Far from the world, its vicious care,
And all its jarring ſtrife.

Here love ſhall ſpread his purple wing
And wake to young deſire,
And blue-ey'd pleaſure laughing bring
Her varied ſweet attire.

Here ſhall domeſtic rapture ſhow'r
Affection's deareſt meed,
The muſe her grateful tribute pour,
And tune her artleſs reed.

Oh fountain of eternal love,
Content, enchanting maid!
Above bright pow'r, gay wealth above,
To thee my vows be paid.

Ah! let the great, by error led,
To courts and cities fly!
Moſt bleſt with thee to eat my bread
In peace and privacy.

More bleſt to rove the heath along
At eve, from labour won,
To liſt the woodlark's plaintive ſong,
And hail the ſetting ſun.

Yet happier far, when night's dark ſky
With wintry-ſtorm oppreſs'd,
To meet my Agnes' gliſtening eye,
And fold her to my breaſt.

Howl then, ye angry tempeſts howl!
Before my chearful fire,
In fond delight the moments roll,
To love and bliſs conſpire.

Now tell me then, can aught compare
With ſober genuine joys?
Ah no, pale grandeur's tainted air
Each ſimple charm deſtroys!

Hence, ye ambitious, proud and vain,
Ye brood of folly hence!

For

For you lead on diſeaſe and pain,
And ev'ry ill diſpenſe.

But bleſt the ſons of calm content,
Their paths of good purſue;
For them has bliſs her rapture lent,
And health her roſy hue.

N.

Lines written on the 14th of February, and addreſſed to Miſs ———.

BEFORE the cock awakes the day,
Or ſportive lambkins 'gin to play,
The choiceſt flowers hither bring,
The eldeſt children of the ſpring;
And fancy aid me to entwine
A garland for my Valentine.

The ſnow-drop pure, in whiteſt dreſs,
Doth well her ſpotleſs mind expreſs;
The humble violet be found,
Diffuſing pleaſant odours round;
Unconſcious 'tis ſo ſweet and fine—
And ſo my lovely Valentine.

Let the freſh myrtle here be ſeen,
Cloath'd in everlaſting green;
Oh may that ſhrub the emblem prove
Of laſting friendlſhip, endleſs love!
May ev'ry grace and virtue ſhine
Reſplendent in my Valentine!

Topſham. N.

Epitaph taken from a Church-yard in the County of Kent, and written by a Huſband on the deceaſe of a Second Wife, who was buried in a Grave immediately adjoining to that of her Predeceſſor.

HERE lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who was a good wife, and never vex'd one:
I can't ſay that for her at the next ſtone.